

THE CASKET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, NEWS, &C.

EDITED BY EMERSON BENNETT.

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Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.
LEAVING HOME.

BY MISS PHOEBE CAREY.

Are the ties of home but a captive chain,
And wouldst thou turn to the world again?
Is that quiet dwelling less dear to thee
Than the restless waves of the heaving sea?
Is it sweeter to rove where the billows roar
Than to anchor thy bark on a peaceful shore?
Shall strangers sit neath the shel'ring vine,
Thy hand hath planted, and taught to twine?
And take thy place at the board and hearth
While thou art roaming the wide, wide earth?
And O, from friends canst thou lightly part,
And not a shadow come o'er thy heart?
Even thus it is! yet at times I know
When the summer sun in the west is low,
When he lingers still with a parting glance
On the sunny vallies of vine-clad France,
Thou wilt think how the light of his glory falls
Where the roses hang on the cottage walls!
And then a shadow may cross thy mind
Of the friends thou lightly hast left behind,
And words forgotten will reach thine ear
Like voices thou never again shalt hear,
And thou wilt sigh for that home again,
Whose blessings woo thee, but woo in vain!
No, these are visions—in man's proud heart
Such soft fond feelings can have no part,
A few short years and the past will be
Forever effaced from thy memory,
And the hollow world, and its restless schemes
Will fill the measure of all thy dreams!

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.
THE WASTED FLOWERS.

BY ELIZABETH.

On the velvet bank of a streamlet bright
Sat a rosy child at play;
And her radiant face was fair as the light,
That gleams in the sunshine of May.
Her voice was clear as the song of the bird
That warbled among the bowers;
And its silvery tone on the air was heard,
As she twisted a garland of flowers.
As the bright little streamlet went rippling on—
With each gush of its music wild
Some blooming flow'et was cast upon
Its wave, by the laughing child.
She forgot in the impulse of wild delight
That her treasures were growing few:
And, one by one, on the sparkling tide,
Every blossom and bud she threw.
Then seeing her loss, to her feet she sprang,
As one awaked from a dream—
"Bring back my flowers!" and the echo rang,
As she called to the treacherous stream.
But away in its gladness danced the rill,
Unmindful of her tears;
While away on its sparkling bosom still
The blooming load it bears.
Merry Maiden, idly wasting
Moments fraught with future bliss—
Know that like the child thou'rt casting
To the wave thy happiness!
On Time's billow, carelessly,
If thou fling the passing hours—
Thou wilt join the fruitless cry
Of the child—"Bring back my flowers."

Original Tale.

THE UNKNOWN COUNTESS;
OR, CRIME AND ITS RESULTS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF THE "LEAGUE OF THE MIAMI," "SECRET ROB-
BER," "SILVER-BIRD," "HELLENA ASHTON," ETC.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162.)

"Marianne," began he, "I have sent for you to speak on matters which, to you, will undoubtedly seem of importance, as well as to myself. But first, ere I proceed, let me inquire if I have not been to you all that you could wish—all that you could expect—even were I your father?"

"You have, indeed," replied she, affectionately, looking upon him with a tender smile, that, stern as he was, went to his heart, and for the moment almost unnerved him.

"Well, well," said he, recovering, "let that pass; I did but my duty. What I would say now relates more particularly to yourself and your future welfare. First, you love Henry Neville. Nay, do not blush and turn away. You should not be ashamed to own a virtuous love."

"Ashamed!" exclaimed she, springing from her seat, her eyes flashing fire. "Ashamed to own my love for Henry Neville? No! Were all the world to hear my answer, and were life and death hanging on my decision, I would proclaim it with a trumpet voice, I love him. Ashamed, indeed! Does not the modest blush o'ersteal the features, but that shame must lurk beneath, think you?"

"Nay, Marianne," said he, in a gentler tone, "you take it too much to heart—pray be seated. I meant no wrong in my hasty expression, which was drawn forth by the deep interest I take in your welfare. I only feared, for many a flower as fair as yourself has been plucked by the ruthless destroyer from its virgin stem, and left to perish, forgotten and alone, amid the blasts and storms of a changing, heartless world.—Believe me, dear girl, I only feared for your safety."

"Forgive me, dear guardian," murmured Marianne, as she sank upon her seat, melted even to tears by his affectionate appeal. "Forgive me—I was too hasty. But such is woman's love, that, let but a shadow of doubt rest upon the character of him she loves, she will bear her heart even to the scoffs and scorn of thousands, so that it but shield him from reproach."

"Well, well," resumed the Doctor again, "let that pass.—That you love Henry Neville, you admit—that he loves you in return may or may not be. Nay, no remark," said he, as he saw her about to speak; "no remark, but hear me through. I say he may love you in return or he may not; for men are such heartless, selfish beings, that but few are worthy to be trusted with that delicate thing, a woman's heart. If he loves you, as you would fain believe, why is he gallanting other women about? Why does he resort to public houses, and over his wine make it a bar-room jest that he has caught the heart of ANOTHER lovely female? Mind, I say ANOTHER; and that this last will soon be added to the accumulated list of his victims."

"Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed she, "this is not truth! no no, 'tis not truth—'tis not reality—no, 'tis a slanderous lie—a lie as black as night; and whoever first told the tale should fain repent him soon, for 'tis enough alone to damn him!—Dear guardian, unsay the scurrilous report, and on my knees will I bless you!"

"I would unsay it—but"—

"But what?" asked she breathlessly.

"'Tis true."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed she, and fell senseless from her chair. Barton instantly sprang to, and raised her in his arms. As he looked upon her pale, lovely countenance, seeming even more lovely for the gentle melancholy shade of grief pictured there—his lip quivered—his eye dimmed, and for a moment there was a fearful struggle of conscience within, and he seemed

about relenting from his fell design. Alas! the demon triumphed, the softness passed from his heart and he became even sterner than before. "I fear I've gone too far, too sudden," muttered he, "I must be more careful, or in doing much I may overdo, and be myself overdone. Thus far my plot works well, and by a skillful turn, I'll yet succeed. Love is but a step from hate; and if I can make her believe he loves her not, then amid the wreck of baffled love and ruined hopes, I'll strike the fearful blow. Yet while I deepest strike, she must believe I am her dearest friend, and each counsel must be such as would seem meet from a parent to his child. Ah! she returns to conscious life." As he spoke he placed her in the chair as before. Opening her eyes with a vacant stare, she murmured, "It was a dream! a terrible dream!" Then, as she became conscious of where she was, and saw the Doctor standing near her, a cold shudder passed over her and she continued—"No, no! 'twas not a dream, it was horrible fearful reality!"

"You are ill," said the Doctor, in a soothing tone, "but do not let what I have said weigh too heavy on your heart, my child. I call you child, for I feel for you the affection of a parent, and would fain give you a parent's counsel. Think no more of the wretch who would thus dishonor you; let him be erased from your memory; or if you think of him at all, let it be as of the scorpion, or the deadly serpent, with horror, loathing and disgust."

"Hold! hold! no more," exclaimed she, "you know not what you do, or say, or ask! Each word you utter pierces like a dagger to my wounded heart! Ask me to blot him from my memory? 'Twould be to blot out memory's self! No, while reason holds her throne and memory her sway, I'll think—I'll love—I'll pray for him; and when I cease the one, I'll cease the three; nor cease the three, until my brain be flooded with the deadly waters of the Lethean pool. Yet I may never see him more, but ask me not to forget him."

"I would not have asked you to do thus—but that another loves you dearly," said the Doctor.

"And if he love as dearly as I love, then Heaven pity him, for to all others will my heart henceforth be rock—ay, adamant."

"And that he does love thus, with me there is no doubt," returned the Doctor. "But you must see him and then decide what way you choose."

"See him," repeated she, "what need is there of that? It would only be a painful interview and effect nothing. No! better for him, for me, I do not see him."

"And yet withal, you MUST see him. I have pledged my word to that effect, and hold that word too sacred to be broken without cause, or cause so slight. In this I will command—commanding, be obeyed."

"Certainly," returned she, gently, "if you have pledged your word, I'd have the pledge redeemed. But when shall this interview take place?"

"That will I learn anon, and so inform you; and now, before you go, I would exact a pledge that you will hold no farther intercourse with Henry Neville."

"If," said she, in a calm, proud tone, "if Henry Neville is what my guardian represents him, that guardian need have no fear that his ward will throw a shade upon her character, even by intercourse with one she loves; for that character is her all, and sooner than disgrace which, would she, with her own hands, clip the brittle thread of life and launch from time into the unknown world beyond."

"Yes, well thou sayest THAT character is thy ALL," muttered the Doctor, aside, under his ground teeth. "And little dost thou know or dream how much that ALL!" Then turning to her, "You say IF, Marianne. Do you then doubt your guardian's word?"

"Nay," returned she, "I meant not so; you may yourself have been deceived. Love is an exacting master, and requires proof. As the drowning man will cling to a straw, so will love cling even to a doubt; and until I shall have the most

positive proof, will I still doubt but that even you have been deceived."

"Foolish girl," said the Doctor, angrily, "even were it NOT true, what could Henry Neville be to you? would your proud spirit let you wed with one above you? What think you would be his feelings when the slanderous tongue should ask 'who was his wife?' You once asked me of your birth and name. I then refused the tale, from fear of wounding your tender feelings. But since things have gone so far, 'twere better now you hear it. Listen! Fifteen years ago your mother died, where it matters not—suffice that it was in a den of misery and degradation. Called by my profession, I attended her in her last illness, not with the expectation of being rewarded for my services, but because I believed it to be my duty. I stood beside her bed when her spirit winged its flight to the eternal world. But ere she died she gave me some account of her past life. I will not pain you by going through the details, farther than concerns you to know. She, like yourself, loved, and loved one far above her. They met often and in secret, and he swore he loved her as he loved his own existence, that without her, life would be a blank, and many other like protestations such as lovers generally use.—She believed, confided, and in an evil moment, fell a victim to an unholy passion. He deserted her, and she was thrown upon the wide world alone, friendless and dishonored. In hopes of revenge she lived, and you were born an offspring of her guilt. But Heavens! you are ill," exclaimed he as he saw Marianne struggling for breath. "I have gone too far?"

"No, no, go on," gasped she, "I'm better now." And she buried her face in her hands, while the convulsive shudders passing over her slender frame told how great was the trial.

"Well continued the Doctor, 'how she lived from this time forth was a fearful tale to tell to one in your present condition. I will pass it by. Her last request was that I should take her child as my own. You were then a sprightly thing of three years, and knowing her without friends, I consented. She then gave me much advice relating to you; and begged me with her dying breath to watch over and guard you from the snares and temptations of the world; but, above all things, not to let you set your affections upon one above you, or if you did so, not to permit you to hold any intercourse with such whatever, fearing you might, like her, be betrayed and lost. Then, taking you in her arms, she blessed you and expired. Such is the tale. And now tell me, have I not done right in requesting you not to see this Neville again?"

For a moment there was no answer. Marianne sat with her head bent forward—her face buried in her hands, and, save a slight quivering, motionless as a statue. The Doctor, in the meanwhile, watched her with intense interest, and when at length she raised her head, he started back with an exclamation of surprise, so great was the change wrought by a few minutes of such mental agony.

All color had entirely vanished from her face, leaving it as white as the "driven snow." A fearful lustre shone in her eyes, which glared about with a maniacal wildness, while the deep inward agony pictured in her countenance, which she in vain had tried to conceal, made her a truly melancholy spectacle to behold.

"Tis done," said she, in a deep hollow voice, that made the Doctor involuntarily start, for he fancied it the voice of her mother, and ten thousand thoughts of his guilty career came rushing upon him with a whirlwind force, and for a moment the stern man was unmanned and trembled, as did the ancient king when he beheld the hand writing his destiny in unknown characters upon the palace wall. "Tis done and all is lost, lost, lost—my sad forebodings are now fulfilled."

"Marianne! Marianne!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Who calls Marianne?" said she staring at him with an idiotic gaze that made his very blood run chill through his veins. "Who calls Marianne? Is it you? you—you?" (pointing at him with her finger.) "My name is Marianne! Who calls me?"

"Marianne, do you not know me?" asked the Doctor in alarm?

"Know you?" repeated she, regaining her senses. "Why, yes; you are my guardian. But I am ill—very ill; I would retire to my room."

"Yes, girl you had better retire," said he, relieved by her returning reason. "You look pale. I fear I have said too much."

"No, 'tis better as it is," returned she, in a melancholy tone. "I know my fate. It has been a fearful trial, and for awhile did Reason totter on her throne; but 'tis over now."

"And have I done wrong in requesting you not to see Henry Ne—"

"Hold!" exclaimed she, rising from her chair and speaking with energy. "As you value my peace, speak not that name again."

"Enough," returned he; "I am satisfied. Now go, my child, and may heaven help you to bear your ills with fortitude."

"Amen!" responded she, and, unbolting the door, left the room with a feeble step.

As her form disappeared, the Doctor again rang the bell.

"Has any one called?" inquired he as the servant entered.

"Two," was the reply.

"Their names?"

"One a stranger, the other Mr. Neville."

"Ha! Did he inquire for Marianne?"

"He did."

"And you told him—"

"She was in the library with you."

"Right. Well, what then?"

"He said he would speak with you."

"Does he wait?"

"He does, sir."

"Admit him."

"So, so," said the Doctor as the servant left the room, rubbing his hands with delight; "So, so—just in time—my scheme works nobly. Now, then, to put him on the wrong scent. I scarcely know what passion predominates with him, however, that I will learn. He comes."

"Good morning, Master Neville," said the Doctor, approaching him with a bland smile, extending his hand at the same time. "I am most happy, sir, to be honored with your company. Pray, be seated." And such command had he over his features, and so great was the change from the dark, stern, scheming villain to the easy, polite, affable gentleman, that one to have seen him in both characters would have doubted his being the same individual. "You have returned somewhat sooner than you told of, have you not?" inquired the Doctor, as Henry took the proffered seat.

"I have, sir," replied Henry, "much sooner."

"How long have you been absent?"

"Nine months."

"Indeed! so long? Time passes fast. So much am I engaged in study that the seasons roll around almost ere I'm aware. Well, I suppose you were glad to behold your native land again; for home will ever feel like home, however short the absence."

"You say truly, I was glad—ay, and my heart leapt for joy as I looked again on my native hills," returned Henry. "Nor did the time seem short; for there was one, a lovely being, whom I held most dear, and whom I longed to clasp unto my heart again. I come even now to speak with you of her."

"With me?" exclaimed the Doctor, in pretended astonishment. "Pray, whom mean you?"

"And have you not guessed my secret yet? I mean no other than your ward, Marianne. I love her dearly."

"My ward, Marianne? Surely you jest! Does she know of this?" enquired the doctor, his countenance wearing an anxious look.

"She does."

"But did not return that passion?" said the Doctor inquiringly.

"Even so."

"What say you, did she pretend to love you in return?"

"PRETEND! No, she did NOT pretend but LOVED without pretending," replied he, indignantly.

"Oh, the deceitfulness of woman!" ejaculated the Doctor.—

"Henry you have been deceived."

"Deceived, sir? Pray, explain."

"Why, Marianne is already betrothed to another."

"Tis false!" exclaimed he, starting from his seat.

"Nay, young man—pray, calm yourself, and again be seated. I assure you it is the truth; for just before you came she was with me and talked the matter over, and even named the day of marriage."

"Betrothed to another?" repeated Henry. "Am I in my senses? Surely, I did not hear aright? There is—there MUST be some mistake."

"Then the mistake lies with yourself, Mr. Neville."

"Where is Marianne? Let me speak with her; for until I hear it from her own lips, I'll not believe it."

"Nay, Mr. Neville, I should be sorry to wound your feelings, for I feel toward you as a friend, and yet I fear I must.—By request of Marianne herself, I inform you that henceforth all intercourse between yourself and her must cease."

"By heavens, this is a plot—a trick! I'll not believe it!"

"Be not rash, young man. Remember, when you doubt

the TRUTH of this, you doubt my word. For HONOR's sake, you should forbear."

"I humbly crave your pardon, sir," returned Henry bowing. "My feelings were so overwrought that my tongue gave utterance to words the import of which I was not aware.—Pray, tell me what reasons gave Marianne for this."

"First," replied the Doctor, "that her hand is promised to another."

"Again I say it is false!" interrupted Henry.

"Second that her BIRTH was far beneath you," concluded the Doctor, not heeding the interruption.

"Ha! her birth!" said Henry with a start; "that seems more reasonable. My errand hither was to speak of THAT."

"I have him now," thought the Doctor; "I've touched the secret chord."

"Tell me, what know you of her birth?"

"That she is the offspring of GUILT," replied the Doctor, speaking in a slow, distinct voice, that it might have more effect, "and therefore not meet to mate with Henry Neville."

"Then she is, indeed, lost to me," sighed Henry; "for her proud spirit will not let her wed with one she deems above her."

"Lucky for me she does not know her name," thought the Doctor.

"Yes, she is lost to me; but ere I go, I'll speak with her again, and take, perchance, (his voice faltered,) a last farewell!"

"It is impossible," returned the Doctor; "she will not see you."

"Oh, say not thus! She will at least grant one last interview."

"No! I know her too well. She even charged me not to mention your name again in her presence."

"Notwithstanding, I will make the trial," said Henry, in a determined tone. "She shall know that I am here and would speak with her. THEN if she refuse to see me, will I believe there is no constancy in woman, and not till then."

"As you like," said the Doctor, ringing the bell. "Here comes the servant, who will convey your message."

"Go," said Henry, turning to the servant, "tell Marianne, Henry Neville awaits in the library and would speak with her again, perchance for the last time."

As he left to obey his orders, there was a few moments of anxious suspense, amounting almost to agony. Neither Barton nor Neville were disposed to break the death-like stillness, for both were occupied with thoughts and feelings difficult to describe, but each as different from the other as is day from night. In the breast of Henry were the pure and refined feelings of confiding love, saddened with grief, and alternately wavering between the conflicting emotions of doubt and fear—doubting, yet fearing, the truth of what he had heard.—With the guilty Doctor, fear was the most predominant.—Fear, that for once Marianne might give way and grant an interview, well knowing if such took place his villainy would be discovered, the two hundred and fifty thousand francs, which he had already begun to consider as his, lost, and he exposed to the scoffs and scorn of all honest people, his property torn from him by his creditors, (for nought but this money could save him) and he either confined within the walls of a prison, or left to roam the world a beggar. So woven was his web of fate, he fancied all hung on the decision of Marianne—and so intense his feelings, that when he heard the returning footsteps of his servant, respiration with him became difficult.—Not so with Henry; he believed this interview (not doubting it would be granted, the Doctor to the contrary notwithstanding,) would alter nothing, save that he should behold the being dearest to his heart and hear her voice once more, though that voice should utter but the final parting word farewell!

As the servant entered the room, both held their breath, as 'twere to catch the slightest sound that might shape itself in answer to their fears. Walking directly to Henry, the servant placed a slip of paper in his hand, and, bowing, left the room. With a trembling hand and beating heart, Henry glanced at the light pencil marks traced thereon, and as he did so his gaze became rivetted there, as though by a charm, his lips quivered, and his face paled to an ashy hue; while athwart the Doctor's features, who had watched him intently, shot a gleam of triumph, the contracted brow relaxed, and a dark smile played around his mouth—his breathing became easy for he had read in Henry's every look the success of his scheme.

"Am I not right?" inquired the Doctor, a malicious smile stealing over his countenance; "did I not tell you true?"

"You did," groaned Henry, sinking into a chair. "Alas! you did. There is her answer," handing Doctor Barton the paper. It contained but a few syllables, and read as follows:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Historical.

AMERICAN SKETCHES.

NO. III.

BY C. EMERSON.

It is a striking—a momentous fact—that the English race is now in the ascendancy, and, apparently, holds a controlling influence on the destinies of man. By English, however, we do not mean, simply, the men of Anglo-Saxon or Saxo-Norman descent. The Scots constitute an essential portion of English power; so do the Irish, who, whatever their faults, are by nature a strong minded, spirited and generous people. In whatever has contributed to British greatness, a notable share is attributable to Scotchmen and Irishmen. Nor let us forget the Welshmen, whose indomitable love of liberty, like that of the Scottish Gael, has brought them onward, amid the wrecks of races—a noble relic of the once well famed tribes of the Celts.

Thus qualified, we repeat the proposition—that the English are now in the ascendant, and hold the destinies of Nations. They are in two grand divisions; the EUROPEAN, comprehending the British Isles, with their more immediate dependencies, and their unparalleled extent of distant colonization and possession; and the AMERICAN grand division, embraced in the States and Territories of our now (confessedly) Great Federal Republic.

And these English alone are the truly COLONIZING people of our world.—Let us explain once more.—The English and their adjunct races are by no means the only EMIGRATING people. But English America—from which, we suppose, Canada, &c., should not be excluded—is the grand receptacle of emigration from Continental Europe. Of such accessions, the Germans are an invaluable portion. Their industry and frugality—their strong mindedness and intelligence—when they do not insulate, and give themselves exclusively to money-getting and the comforts of MEIN PFEIFER, qualify them well to join and participate in AMERICAN PROGRESS.

Thus far, in deference to Paternity, and for simplicity of expression, we have used the term English, for our own, as well as the European division. We shall now, in reference to the present and future, dismiss that term, as applied to ourselves, and substitute the cognomen, AMERICAN. Of this we are becoming exclusive owners by general accord. The Mexicans generally, it is believed, recognize this distinctive application of the name. When Captain Fremont, after his dismal winter traverse on the western side of the Great Californian Desert, forced his way, by extreme daring and exertion, across its great western barrier, the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Range—he and his forlorn companions rejoiced to find themselves on a stream called, by the Spaniards, Rio los AMERICANOS—a branch of the Sacramento of St. Francisco—named, doubtless, after some previous adventurers from our States, who had the hardihood to penetrate those tremendous wilds.

AMERICAN is our appropriate appellation. We have a NAME—we are forming a character. It is the duty of every American to desire, to pray—and to struggle—that it may be a good one—GREAT, not less in goodness than in power. To this end it is highly important that our citizens—all and every—should open their eyes to the expanding destinies and the tremendous responsibilities awaiting and devolving on them—and unite themselves for the faithful endurance and manful discharge of them.

Who would have dreamed, two hundred years ago, that such a power from such an origin, was to exist at this time? His most Catholic and his most faithful Majesty claimed the whole of the New World by grant from the Grand Pope of Rome. France protested, and entered the basin of the Great St. Lawrence. England protested also and began settlements on the southeastern coast in North America, near the Atlantic. Many a moderate sized city now numbers more people than all these British settlements, in 1646:

And one hundred and fifty years ago—say A. D. 1700—the British colonies along our Atlantic coast were still but comparative dots—with a population estimated at 260,000 souls. The French had the basin of the lakes and the St. Lawrence and were pushing for that of the Mississippi.

A hundred years ago—the middle of last century—the inhabitants of the British colonies had increased to about a million. They had no settlement west of the Alleghany Mountains, while the French were closing in upon them and occupying the Ohio waters. Ninety-one years ago, Braddock was defeated, and British prospects in America were quite gloomy.

The French established their posts in such manner as to command the regions of the St. Lawrence, the Lakes, the Mississippi valley and the Gulf coast from the Mississippi to Mobile—and engaged, as allies, hordes of warlike Indians on the frontiers. The British military expeditions, till 1758, were signally unfortunate or ineffective. The situation of affairs at the beginning of this year is thus depicted by Holmes in his "Annals of America."

"The successes of the French, the last year, left the colonies in a gloomy state. By the acquisition of Fort William Henry, they had obtained full possession of the lakes Champlain and George; and by the destruction of Oswego, they had acquired the dominion of those other lakes which connect the St. Lawrence with the waters of the Mississippi. The first afforded the easiest admission from the northern provinces into Canada, or from Canada into those colonies, the last united Canada to Louisiana. By the continued possession of Fort du Quesne, they preserved their ascendancy over the Indians, and held undisturbed possession of all the country west of the Alleghany Mountains. In this adverse state of things, the spirit of Britain rose in proportion to the occasion, and her colonies, instead of yielding to despondency, resumed fresh courage, and cheerfully made preparations for the ensuing campaign. Mr. Pitt, the last autumn, had been placed at the head of a new administration which conciliated the contending interests in Parliament; and while the wisdom of that extraordinary statesman devised great and judicious plans, his active spirit infused new life into all, whether at home or abroad, whose province it was to execute them."

The success in execution of these "great and judicious plans" was equal to the skill and vigor of their conception. The years 1758-'59 constituted an era of splendid triumph to British arms in America. In July, 1758, the strong fortress of Louisbourg surrendered, and the British had command of the regions about the mouth of the St. Lawrence. In August, Fort Frontenac, an important French Post on the north side of Lake Ontario, was taken and demolished; the British capturing largely of arms and stores. In November, Fort du Quesne [the present site of Pittsburgh] was taken, and the French power on the waters of Ohio annihilated. In July, 1759 Fort Niagara was taken from the French, and their communication between Canada and Louisiana was thus effectually destroyed; and in September came the crowning triumph—the capture of Quebec, by the gallant daring of Wolfe and his companions.

The conquest of Canada was completed in September, 1760, by the surrender of Montreal, Detroit, Michilimackinac and all other places within the government of Canada, to the arms of Great Britain.

A serious war still existed at the southwest, between the southern English colonies and the powerful tribe of Cherokee Indians, instigated, as was said, by the French, and especially by the Garrison of Fort du Quesne, which had escaped down the Ohio, on the approach of the English General Forbes, in 1758. After much conflict, the Cherokees were driven to sue for peace in June, 1761.

In February, 1763, peace was established by the Treaty of Paris, whereby France lost all her possessions eastward of the Mississippi, save a small tract near its mouth; vast regions, including the Floridas, the eastern portion of the great Mississippi Valley and the mighty basin of the great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, were thus surrendered to Britain.

Such, in America, were the results of a five years administration of Pitt—devoted with transcendent skill and energy, not to party ends, but to the great interests of his country. The like had not occurred since the days of Cromwell. It was not only in America, but in Continental Europe, in Asia, and on the ocean, that the name and power of the English became illustrious, so far as victory could make them. On the Continent, that paragon of kings and heroes, Frederick the Great, with means, apparently, altogether incompetent, was enabled to bear up and to triumph, against the combined force of France, Austria and Russia, and to sustain, however unintentionally, German liberty and Protestant toleration; while the French power in India was crippled and the way was paved for that magnificent dominion which the British now hold on the Ganges and the Indies.

There is something remarkably terse and significant—may we not say prophetic—in the expressions of Abbe Millot, on the conclusion of this war.

"PEACE OF 1763. After seven years of destruction in every quarter of the globe, the war was brought to an end in 1763, by the treaties of Paris and Hubertsberg, in a manner most glorious for the enemies of the houses of France and Austria.

"On the one hand the dominions of Prussia were nothing

impaired; on the other England gained about two thousand leagues of country in North America, reaching from the river St. Lawrence to the Mississippi.

"There is no doubt but Canada, and other parts of North America, which were of little advantage to France and Spain, may be of very great consequence to England. HER COLONIES PROSPER IN THE BOSOM OF LIBERTY; they are governed by their own laws, they tax themselves, agriculture incessantly multiplying their resources.

"The population of the English colonies sufficiently proves how flourishing they are, AND HOW FORMIDABLE THEY MAY BECOME. IT SEEMS THAT GREAT BRITAIN THREATENS TO SWALLOW UP ALL AMERICA; but has it not been always observed that A VAST INCREASE OF POWER PRESAGES A FALL: and if the colonies, BEGINNING TO BE TOO POWERFUL, DETACH THEMSELVES FROM THE MOTHER COUNTRY, AS IS PROBABLE, ought such conquests greatly to flatter ambition."—MODERN HISTORY V. II. P. 472.

Scarcely had the British attained these astounding acquisitions when the great Indian confederacy, under the celebrated Pontiac, threatened not only to deprive them of the newly acquired posts among the Aborigines, but to bear down with tremendous violence and devastation on the middle Colonies. The plan was to attack all those posts simultaneously: and it was concerted with so much skill and secrecy that the British came very near experiencing the full effect contemplated in the incipient movement. Nearly all the posts were carried, as projected: Niagara was not assailed. Detroit most critically and providentially escaped a very artfully contrived plot, conducted by Pontiac in person, and was relieved by way of the Lakes. Fort Pitt, injudiciously constructed and inadequately manned, was most sorely beleaguered, but held out through the gallantry of its garrison, headed by Captain Ecuyer. To relieve it was a matter of utmost consequence. But General Amherst, Commander in Chief in British America, could spare for this enterprize only the shattered and enfeebled relics of two regiments who had been at the taking of Havana—amounting to some five hundred men, headed by Col. Boquet, whose name, as a distinguished warrior is less noted than it should be. With this inadequate force, Boquet arrived, in the summer of 1763, at Carlisle, Pa., where he expected reinforcements and supplies, of which attained little. A man of distinguished energy and courage, he gathered what he could, and pushed onward in his perilous undertaking. Dismay and desolation pervaded the Pennsylvania settlements westward of the Susquehanna. He pressed forward, however, crossed the Alleghany Mountains, and reached in safety Fort Ligonier on the west side of Laurel Ridge, about the beginning of August. On the 5th of that month he was proceeding, by forced marches, in order to pass in the night a dangerous defile on Turtle Creek, and was within about thirty miles of Pitt, when his course was suddenly arrested by the whole array of Indians which had beset that Fortress. Boquet drew in his advance, and arranged his force around a swell in the ridge [between Yohegheny and Loyahanna] on which he was pursuing the path made by Forbes in 1758. By thus enclosing an elevation he shielded his invalids, protected his baggage, and showed on all sides—for he was soon entirely surrounded—a defensive front, on which the furious foe could make no immediate impression. So much for DEFENCE; but how long could it endure? The troops were brave, tho' harrassed and completely feeble. They bore the assault like men; but what could they do? Nothing but stand and repel as they might—or if some section hurled back the assailants, the effect was momentary, and the circle of assault was repaired immediately on the resumption by the defenders of their defensive position. So fought the Britons from near mid-day till nightfall, in the rays of an August sunshine, and without a drop of water in their reach; and, resting on their arms, they passed a night of extreme misery. At day-break the horrid yell of the Indian resounded in every direction, and the assault was renewed with great fury on the whole circuit of defence. What could the Britons do? What! but disperse to sure destruction, or stand and defend till the sufferings of the last defender were ended by the tomahawk! Sad prospect for the soldier! But the leader of the little host is equal to the emergency. He resorts to stratagem. Two companies of his advance were drawn within the circuit of his defence, and placed to his liking. A weak line of troops was extended across the interval vacated by the two companies. To the Indians, as Boquet intended, it had the appearance of retreat, and a heavy force of them rushed upon that weak line—it gives way and is fiercely pursued with horrid shouts, by the assailants, while the other Indians wait impatiently around to participate in the general massacre when the rout

shall become general. But hark! the sound changes! The triumphant shout is done, and is succeeded by the clash of arms. The pursued turn assailants, and the assailing foe finds himself fearfully ambushed and entrapped. He is scattered on every side and driven back with such fury and slaughter that he betakes himself utterly to flight, and his companions of the outer circle directly follow his example. The brave little host is relieved, and marches safely to Fort Pitt; and the great range of Frontier, too, is rescued. The Indian, once soundly beaten, seems for the time being, to possess no recuperative energy. The Ohio Indians abandoned, not only Fort Pitt, but all their towns on Allegheny and Beaver; they retired upon the waters of Muskingum and Scioto. But they found themselves not safe, even in these (then) distant retreats. They were invaded by Boquet, in the autumn of 1764 and completely humbled—not by slaughter and devastation, but a disciplined array. His march was a model of skill, and a pattern for Wayne, some thirty years afterward. Losing but one man (a straggler,) and killing none—he brought the Delawares, Shawanoes &c., to his terms;—released the white prisoners among them, and induced them to make a treaty of peace in 1765, at Fort Stanwix; which treaty, in general, was very well kept by these Indians, till after the atrocious Indian murders, which were perpetrated, near Wheeling, about ten years after.

This victory of August 6th 1763 was important beyond conception. It secured the foothold of the British west of the Alleghanies and put in check the Ohio Tribes, whose devastations had, (considering the smallness of their actual force) been singularly effective and alarming.—An expedition to Sandusky in 1764 under Col. Bradstreet, prevented the Wyandots, &c., from aiding the Delawares, Shawanoes, &c., against Boquet.

Thus ended this alarming, and temporarily successful, effort of the great Indian Hero and politician, Pontiac, for the maintenance of Indian power and independence; and British rule in North America seemed placed on a permanent basis.—But this prospect proved wholly illusive. Britain attempted arbitrary rule over her colonists who had "prospered (as Milton said) in the bosom of liberty." The Colonists resisted to blood—to separation. It was supposed by many that both parties would be paralyzed if not ruined, by this conflict and disruption; but Providence has ordered otherwise. Instead of Anarchy and Imbecility in Republican America, there is union, order and progress without parallel in history; and its now evident capabilities give promise of ultimate reduplicating power and prosperity beyond all calculation;—provided her people are true to themselves. Old England prospered after the separation more than before.

A. D. 1700, the English Colonists were reckoned about TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, say, less than a million of whites.

A. D. 1776—the year of Independence—say about two million whites.

A. D. 1800—something over four million whites.

In 1850 there will probably be eighteen million of whites in the United States and British Colonies.

If our Americans are true to themselves and are favored, as heretofore by Divine Providence (and to be so, they must be just to all)—by the year of our Lord 1900, we may well calculate there will be One Hundred millions free, happy people, of various races and complexions, in our Great United Republic.

Secret Band of Brothers.

(Copy right secured according to Act of Congress.)

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES!

BY J. M. GREEN.

The papers were sent for, as before stated, and all their designs of a public and private nature set in active operation.—Of this the Col. had no knowledge at the time. Mrs. B. was to give them up to the committee appointed for the purpose of inspecting them. All that would have any tendency to injure or expose the fraternity, if brought to light, were to be selected, and the rest brought forward for the purpose of convicting T. The intention of bringing these papers to the city being, in the mean time, made known to the Col., he gave directions to his sister-in-law to reserve such papers as he specified, and hand the balance over to the committee.—The trunk in which they were deposited having arrived, Mrs.

B. acted according to directions, reserving the notable package, which she concealed between her beds, while she conveyed the residue to the prison office for legal purposes—to be used by the committee, who met there by consent of one of the prison keepers—he being a Grand Master of the secret band and one of the principal policemen. After delivering up the papers, she returned and found her valuable deposit had been removed as previously stated.

The fact of their removal being made known to the brotherhood, they thought some base person had robbed the lady of her important charge. This opinion prevailed with the fraternity generally. Not so with the two hundred Grandees. Their opinion assumed the character of their former suspicions, while their suspicions were converted into fact.—They were now fully convinced that the Col. contemplated the destruction of their order, and was intent upon keeping the papers in his own power;—that he had even entered upon the act of defeating the very purpose they had in view, in bringing those papers to the city. At this time the city was crowded with the members of this secret society, and private rewards were offered by the two hundred or that portion of this band then in the city—for the recovery of the papers.—These rewards made a great stir, especially with the officers of all parties,—both those for and against the Col. T. was a mark to be shot at by about seven eighths of the band, and the remaining one eighth was ready to go to the highest bidder, to do service for him who would give the highest wages. He found means to secure the friendship of the latter, many of whom were considered quite respectable men, and were never suspected by the brotherhood of any thing dishonorable.—The head men constituted still another party. Thus these villains were divided into three factions. These were the friends of T. known as T—ites, and the supporters of B. called B—ites. These only were publicly known, while the third party, embracing the royal Grandees, were actively engaged in disengaging themselves from the toils, which they supposed had been deliberately laid for their destruction.—They showed by their efforts, they had more at stake than all the rest. Though their movements were not publicly recognized, yet they had every influence that would favor their cause in operation, to consummate their hellish purposes.

The constitution, By-laws, and about one thousand and three hundred letters, including copies and original, were missing; and the destiny of the whole band of Grand Masters depended upon their recovery, before ever they fell into the hands of one who could explain them to the brotherhood; and still more calamitous would be the condition of the entire fraternity, if they were ever revealed to the public.—Those more immediately concerned were confirmed in the opinion that the Col. had secreted them for future use. Finding they had not accomplished what they intended, in bringing the papers to the city, they had recourse to a certain clause in the constitution, to compel the Col. to produce some of them, if in his possession. That clause required the holder of an original letter to return the same, when requested by the writer, after copying if desirable. This law applied, however, only to letters having the secret "qualities," or, in other words, the private description of the bearer in full, which was written in acid, and could be read only after subjection to chemical action. Three hundred and seventy-nine of the letters in the package, were of this kind; one thousand were copies, whose original had been returned. The former had been written to the Col. and one bore date as far back as July 9th 1819, the latter had been addressed to various individuals, and some bore date as far back as 1798.

To secure these letters was a work of great delicacy.—Though the constitution granted the right of asking the unreturned letters, yet the writers feared to make the requisition of the Col., lest he might suspect them of a conspiracy, and being thus exasperated, let loose his engines of destruction. They finally fixed upon the following plan. They were to hold out the idea that they were ready to bail him, provided he would leave the country. In case he consented, they were to request the retention of the letters, feeling, confident he had not destroyed them. The plan was laid open to the Col. by the man from Dearborn Co., Ind., the same who was dressed in disguise. He was told by the Col. that the papers, (meaning the package) had been taken, and he could not furnish them, as he had no possible knowledge who had done the deed. This reply, to the council of Grand Masters, was like "a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky," so confident were they that he had them and would produce them when thus requested. There was now only one alternative, the life of the Col. must be taken, which they could and did accomplish as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER XI.

From the time of the visit by the Dearborn Co. man, till the death of Col. B., embracing about six weeks, there were constant and fierce wranglings among the fraternity. A considerable change had been made in the feelings of some of the Col's. former sworn friends, which of course made those who knew him innocent, more bitter against any one they might suspect guilty of bringing such a calamity upon him.—His friends and foes were equally interested in finding the retainer of the lost package, but all to no purpose. There was, however, but one sentiment in the Grand Council; they still believed that the Col. had them, and designed, as soon as he was liberated, to make a general exposure of the whole organization to the world. But their own consciousness of personal injury—of having acted a treacherous part against this man—was, in reality, the ground of their conviction as to his guilt; for it was not in the nature of the man to be false to his pledged honor. It only remained that they should prevent his liberation; and the most effectual way was to act in accordance with the assassin's maxim, "Dead men tell no tales." Their hatred rose to such a pitch that they began to exhibit their enmity toward any one that either sympathized, befriended, or was even familiar with the Col. Here was the ground of their deadly animosity towards me. They supposed I was his confidant and might be an agent for the execution of his designs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DANDIES.

The way DOW JR. "does the thing" on dandies "is some," and must, we think, make that good for nothing class of bipeds feel very small—that is, if they ever FEEL at all on important subjects, which is a matter that may be argued. Just listen to him:

"Now you that was cut out for a man, but was so villainously spoiled in making up, I'll attend to your case. For what end did you burst open the world's door, and rush in uncalled like a man chased by a mad bull? What good do you expect to bestow on your fellow men? Some useful invention, some great discovery or even one solitary remark? No! those that look for any thing good from you, will be just as badly fooled as the man who caught a skunk and thought it was a kitten or the woman who made greens of gunpowder tea. You know where the neatest tight pants, with the strongest straps can be got 'on tick,' but you don't know where the next useful lecture will be delivered. You know the color of a vest, but never studied the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, unless it was to wish for a piece to make a cravat of; you know how a fool feels in full dress, but you don't know how a man feels when he eats the bread earned by the sweat of his brow; you know how a monkey looks, for you see one every day twenty times in your landlady's looking glass, but you don't know how a man feels after doing a good action; you don't go where the sight is to be seen. Oh! you wasp-waisted, catfish mouthed, baboon-shouldered, clipper-legged, goose-eyed, sheep-faced, bewhiskered drone in the world's bee-hive!—What are you good for? nothing but to cheat your tailor, neatly to lip by rote a line from some milk and cider poetaster, sentimentally talk love, eat oysters, and act the fool shamefully. I say, does your mother know you're out? I am afraid you have no mother nor never had!"

You are of no more use than a time-piece in a beaver dam or a mattress in a hog pen. You fill no larger a space in this world's eye than the toe nail of a musquitoe would in a market house, or a stump-tailed dog in all out doors; you are as little thought of as the fellow who knocked his grandmother's last tooth down her throat; and as for your brains ten thousand such could be preserved in a drop of brandy and have as much sea room as a tad-pole in Lake Superior—and as for your ideas, you have but one, (and that is stamped on your leaden skull an inch deep,) that tailors and females were made to be gulled by you, and that you think decent people envy your appearance! poor useless tobacco worm! you are a decidedly hard case!"

WRINKLES.—Young woman would you have wrinkles on your face? Not for the world, you reply. Then cease fretting and mornmuring and repining. Rise at early dawn, take the broom, sweep the floor, make the beds, and get breakfast yourself. Such employment, with a cheerful heart, will keep you from growing prematurely old and having your face lined with wrinkles and scowls.

Boys that have been properly reared, are men at sixteen; while those that have been brought up in idle habits, are nuisances at twenty-one.

Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHING OFFICE AT BAILLIE & CO'S., 104 1/2 MAIN ST.,
WHERE PERSONS IN THE CITY WISHING TO SUBSCRIBE CAN
LEAVE THEIR NAMES OR PROCURE SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS. EACH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.—The second article on Mr. Clay, we must beg leave, respectfully, to decline: not but that it is well written, but because our paper is not a proper medium for the views set forth in this article. The writer, with a little reflection, will see the propriety of our course. Whatever may be our own views, we profess to edit a purely Literary paper, have pledged ourselves to that effect, and shall in no case, if aware of the fact, touch on anything of a partizan nature.—We shall be pleased to have him continue his other articles.

A NIGHT WITH A PANTHER.—This article we must also decline. Some parts of it are tolerable, but, as a whole, will not answer our purpose. It is at the disposal of the author.

Our Pittsburgh correspondence, addressed to Lawrenceville, instead of Lawrenceburgh, has never been received.

AUTUMN.

Autumn is again upon us, but is ushered in with fragrant breezes, and with all the beauty and harmony of gentle summer. As yet no chilling blasts have come to mar the beauty of the wood and plain, or still the songs of the thousand vocalists who swell their hymn of praise in the dewy eve. As yet all nature is clad in the pleasing green of summer, and the eye may wander far, in vain, in search of the change attributed to Autumn. And yet that change is at hand. The Death knell of Summer has been sounded, and a few more suns will mark the great decay, the death of all that now looks beautiful. A few more suns, and the feathered warblers, whose silvery songs delight us, as they come fraught with nature's own music,—will have flown to the far off sunny South. The insects that give their concerts in the deep of night, will all have ceased—some forever—some to awaken again in the dawn of Spring. How many of us will ever hear their voices again? In this decay, in this sleep of nature, how many of us may sleep, also, that sleep from which we never wake within the bounds of time! How many or how few, God only knows.—There is something solemn, pleasingly solemn, in the contemplation of the changes of Autumn. To see each leaf and blade losing one hue and assuming another, clinging to the last to that which bore it,—as if fearful of that dissolution which assuredly awaits it—seems to us a type of frail mortality—of man, when the hand of death is on him—when he feels he is changing—when he sees the grave yawn to receive the all of him that will ever perish, yet clings to life till the vital spark is extinct, and he falls to rise no more.

How wonderful are the laws of nature—what lessons in the minutest things before us! Who can contemplate the eternal law of Order—which rules this vast creation from the mightiest to the minutest, which sets and holds in motion worlds, and sends forth each blade at its appointed time—and not be made sensible, not be struck with that Almighty power which makes this mighty law. How regular are the seasons in their eternal rounds! Each year is an age—each season a stage, an epoch,—each fruitful of its kind and true to the grand design.

Spring comes to us full of smiles and joy; every thing seems elate that it hath escaped the icy hand of winter; and the very streams seem laughing as they go dancing on with their gentle murmurs; the very birds sing more joyous than in other seasons, and there is a freshness about all nature, truly inspiring. Spring, may be likened to youth—Summer, to the prime of life—Autumn to the wane—and Winter, to old age and dissolution. As there is something inspiring in the freshness, the first budding of Spring, so there is something pleasant but solemn in the contemplation of Autumn: pleasant, to behold the fruits, the toil of a season, the golden harvest, ready to repay the labor of the husbandman;—solemn, that it is the decay of the year—that nature is being stripped of her beautiful apparel—that it is preparatory to the death of the year.

In musing on Autumn, our mind invariably reverts to the autumn of life, with the thoughts of how few of us will ever see it—how few of us will stand in that point of time, whence we

can look back to middle age, and mark ourselves threescore and ten. But let death and change come when they may, we should ever be prepared to meet them—in the Spring—in the Summer—or in the Autumn of life.

LITERARY QUARRELS.

It is amusing to mark the various ways a certain class of Literary men have of bringing themselves into notice—by which means they gain a notoriety, at least, if nothing more; though in our opinion, a not very enviable one. Some time since, the controversy between Powers and Lester was all the rage,—when—perhaps with the idea of drawing a share of public attention upon himself,—Park Benjamin must have a word to say in the matter. More recently there has been a quarrel between one Thomas Dunn English, and Edgar A. Poe, on account of the latter gentleman speaking in not very favorable terms of the former, in one of his articles on the "Literati of New York," published in Godey's Lady's Book—the amount of which was the vilest personal abuse and the lowest and most blackguard epithets that each could find to bestow upon the other. The most recent, and last case, we believe, is the one now pending between the editor of the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, and George Lippard, author of the "Quaker City" "Blanche of Brandywine," &c. It seems that the editor of the Post, in speaking of the above named work—which is now being published—censured the other, somewhat, on the immorality of the production—though by no means in harsh terms, but rather with a reproving tone—when the author, feeling himself very much hurt by the reproval, wrote several letters to the editor in a not very friendly manner, which caused him of the Post to again mention the matter publicly. This drew out Mr. Lippard in the Saturday Courier, in upwards of a column, wherein he said all manner of foolish things about himself, his popularity, &c., and some rather abusive things about the editor of the Post—to which we perceive the latter has taken occasion to reply, in something like two columns of his own paper. Well, now, the controversy rests here; the editor of the Post asserts that the "Quaker City," and "Blanche of Brandywine," are both immoral works, while the author, as a matter of course, denies the assertion. Of "Blanche of Brandywine" we can say nothing, ourselves, having never seen the work in question; but of the "Quaker City" we can—having at a former period perused it. It is a very large book, the scene of which is laid in Philadelphia, and embraces the most depraved classes of society. It is written, some parts of it, with great power; but, as a whole, we consider it, to speak candidly, one of the most immoral works ever written in America,—one of the most immoral works of the present age, not even excepting the flashy, trashy novels of Paul De Kock, —and such a work as will be the means of injuring the minds of all who read it, young or old. If the author aimed at morality, and now considers this a moral work, he certainly has some very curious ideas of the way in which to elevate the human mind by bringing it in contact with vice of the lowest and most obscene order, and coloring that, too, so as to make it attractive.

There is something wrong in community, when such a work as the "Quaker City," is tolerated. We say this with no unkind feelings toward Mr. Lippard—of whom, save through his writings, we know nothing;—in fact, we had rather it were otherwise; for we understand Mr. Lippard is a young man—and he certainly has talents, which he might put to a better use, and we dislike to see talent thrown away in a bad cause; but when a man puts a work before the public, the tendency of which is corrupt, he commits an outrage upon society, and should be rebuked in the severest terms by all who have any regard for religion or moral principle. As far as this is concerned, we think the editor of the Post is right, and is doing his duty, as every one should, who holds in society a responsible station.

THAT GOOSE.

Some few days since, all Pittsburgh was alive with the announcement that a Mr. Somebody was going to put on wings, and, being mounted on the top of some bridge, leading out of the city, was going to fly, nobody knew where. The consequence was, that a tremendous crowd gathered to witness this extraordinary flight: some of the papers say there were as many as ten thousand persons present. Well, the time came—all was breathless expectation—every body was "on tip-toe" to see the Mr. Somebody sail through the air—when, lo! what should greet their astonished gaze but a large goose, who,—we suppose being duly made aware of the importance attached to his ascent—flew as natural as life, and, as a goose naturally would in such cases, lit again when he got tired of flying.—

The people, when they saw the hoax, laughed rather immoderately for a time, and then quietly returned to their homes—stating, by the way, that they did not go to see the man fly, but to SEE THE CROWD: very likely.

Well, his goose-ship, after taking this flight, became an animal of great attraction, and was secured by some of the crew of the Palo Alto—brought down the river—and has since been safely landed in Lawrenceburgh, by a gentleman, who informs us that he is going to keep him as a curiosity.

We are in daily expectation of a Mr. Somebody being advertised to fly in this quarter, when his goose-ship will prove a valuable auxiliary. So much for a "Goose-chase!"

AWFUL CALAMITY.

The following terrible scene occurred in Madison, Ind., and is taken from the Banner Extra of Sept 4th, 4 o'clock P. M.

"Yesterday, Thursday, August 3d, about 2 o'clock, P. M., a heavy cloud rested over this city, from which the rain descended in a stream for the space of two hours or more. In a short time the waters came tumbling down from every hollow in every hill-side, and CROOKED CREEK—a very small stream running parallel with the Ohio river, between the high hills back and the city—rose above its bank; and the "bottom," or "commons," between the Michigan road and the high ground upon which the city is built, was soon converted into a lake or broad river.

The large and beautiful culvert under the artificial hill thrown up across the hollow, in the construction of the Railroad, at the lower end of the city, was soon choked up with floating houses, and other materials; and the waters dammed up below, immediately extended on each side, so as to cover the whole space known as the "Commons," extending from the Northern limits of the city to the hills beyond. The back water, however, did not reach higher than two or three hundred yards above the new powder house before the culvert gave way, and the torrent swept off the high embankment—earth, stone and all—making a gap above of some 75 or 100 yards wide, and a SMOOTH bed below, some 20 yards in width, resembling very much, on a small scale, the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge at Harper's Ferry—and thus completely cutting off the Railroad communication between the Hill Depot and the city.

But, the injury to the Railroad Company is only a small part of the loss sustained by this unprecedented flood. All the bridges across Crooked Creek have been swept off, and nearly all the property in the immediate vicinity of its banks has been either entirely destroyed or greatly injured. Messrs. Jacob Shub, Whitney & Hendricks, and Mitchell & McNaughten are among the greatest sufferers,—though neither of them, as we are informed, will be compelled to stop business; but it will take some time to repair their damages.—The grave yard, and the gardens, north of the Creek, have also been materially injured. The loss of property is variously estimated. Some intelligent persons say that, including the breach in the railroad embankment, the loss cannot be less than \$100,000. Others say that thirty, forty, or at most fifty thousand, will cover all the damages. We have made diligent inquiry, but can form no estimate.

The worst remains to be told. It is certain that NINE persons have lost their lives by this flood, viz: Mr. Walker and child, drowned in "Eagle Hollow"—Mrs. Judge and two children, in "Irish Hollow"—Mrs. Sott, (daughter of Mr. Cotton.) swept off from her dwelling, between Mulberry and West streets;—and three colored people—Charlotte, Edward and Israel.

We witnessed the flood from beginning to end. It was an awful, yet a sublime spectacle. Houses, animals, fences, barrels, and all kinds of household furniture, came whirling along, as though they were mere bubbles, or feathers, floating in the air. Oh, the power of Almighty God!"

"N. P. WILLIS is rusticated at Worcester, Mass.;" GREEN the reformed gambler is on his way to Cincinnati. "Caleb CUSHING is in Newburyport;" the SABLE HARMONISTS are in Wheeling. "JOHN TYLER is at Niagara," and Dr COOPER is in jail.—[Pitts. Chron.

We may be allowed to add that, "THAT GOOSE" is in Lawrenceburgh.

The Choctaw Indians, it is said, have given more money for benevolent purposes the past year, than any christian nation in the world.—EXCHANGE

The Choctaw Indians must be somewhat above board, we think; two words, viz: IN PROPORTION would quite alter the sense.

Correspondence.

SCRIBBLINGS IN MY NOTE-BOOK.

MT. HOLYOKE, NEAR NORTHAMPTON, MASS., }
Aug. 22, 1846. }

MR. BENNETT.—Doubtless YOU are now snugly stowed away in that "old arm chair" in your neat little sanctum, surrounded with newspapers, magazines and books of all kinds; you are comfortable and at home in body and mind, unless, perchance, you are pouring over the the unreadable manuscript of some slovenly contributor, and trying to construe his double-distilled nonsense; at any rate, you are not HERE upon the summit of the far-famed Holyoke. YOU WISH YOU WERE? yes, I have no doubt of that. I wish, too, that I had you now by my side, that you might enkindle anew my admiration for every thing I see above, beneath and around me. ADMIRATION, *fy!* that is not the word, and I cannot find one to express my feelings, although I have carefully run over my list of nouns and adjectives, I must give it up, and just be contented with such common-place expressions, as—ENCHANTING, SOUL-TRANSFORMING scenery; O, if this world, accursed by God—the home of sin and misery, is still so beautiful, what must have been the appearance of Eden, when the abode of innocence and purity?

But tell us what you see, which thus inspires you. Be not too hasty, let me get down a little; what do I see? you know well what I see—one of the most charming views in the whole world. I stand with my face to the West; away to the North, I see a long range of rugged hills and mountains extending along down the river upon the west side and terminating with a high and almost perpendicular peak, which, naturally enough, bears the name of "Sugar Loaf." This peak is celebrated in Indian History. Upon the opposite side of the Connecticut, yet appearing to me NOW, to be nestled down among the trees at the base of Sugar Loaf, stands the thriving village of Sunderland, with its one, tall, white spire, almost piercing the clouds.

Here begins that beautiful portion of the valley of the Connecticut, which can be seen from Mt. Holyoke, and which, European travelers have said excels in loveliness many of the most celebrated views, of a similar character, in the old world.

The valley, at the base of Sugar Loaf, is about twenty miles in width; the meadows, upon both sides of the river, are from two to three miles in width, with but few fences, upon them, yet dotted over with neat, white, farm houses, with here and there a real New England village;—I will name some of them. The first, upon the west, is South Deerfield, or Bloody Brook,—so called, because, at this place, during the earlier years of the colony of Mass., a company of men, "the flower of Essex County," were murdered by the Indians while gathering grapes from the vines which hung over the brook, that now runs through the village. A neat white monument has been erected, a few rods from the bloody scene of death.

The rail-road from Northampton to Greenfield is finished to this place, and I now see the locomotive, with a train of cars attached, whizzing away in the distance. A little farther down and about two miles back from the river, I see the small village of Whately. This is a farming town, and among the oldest in the region. It has, what is not often found in villages of its size in this vicinity, two pretty churches, of the same denomination and but a few rods apart; and, although built by the exciting spirit of faction, I, for one, cannot regret it, for they add great beauty to the place.

Upon this side of the river, nearly opposite to Whately, is North Hadley, an unimportant, though neat village. Three miles below, upon the same side, is spread out upon the meadow, the old town of Hadley. This is one of the oldest and most interesting towns in the state of Massachusetts. Two streets running parallel with each other, form the village—one called Front, and the other Back street. This village, has also two churches of the same denomination; the residents of Front street attend one, and those on Back street the other; and I am told, that there is almost as little intercourse between the citizens upon these two different streets, as between two entirely different villages; it is but just to say, however, that it is not so much so now, as formerly. This town is very often inundated by the high freshets of the Connecticut.—But I must leave many things unsaid of "old Hadley," and look away to the East, a few miles. I am now gazing, with peculiar emotions, upon the town of Amherst; it is a lovely spot, and as my eye rests upon the old college buildings so prominent upon the hill, and run over again in memory the months and years of my youth spent within those honored

walls—think of the friends I there gained, now scattered abroad over the earth, some in the mighty West, or the sunny South, while others are treading the streets of Oriental cities,—the messengers of God to man, and others again, have slept their last sleep and traveled their last long journey;—my thoughts are solemn. Oh! Time, fain would I turn thy current and sail back. But vain is the wish. It were wiser to resolve so to improve the future, that I shall experience no regrets.

Amherst College was founded in 1820 by several pious persons in the country around. Its first President was the Rev. Zephaniah Swift Moore, D. D. who was removed by death shortly after his inauguration. He was succeeded by Rev. Heman Humphrey, D. D. whose popularity is well known.—He resigned two years ago, and the present incumbent of the chair, is the Rev. Edward Hitchcock, D. D. L. L. D. The college is now in a flourishing condition, and may be ranked among the very first of the New England colleges.

There are three large four story buildings used for rooms, a fine chapel, a fourth building for dormitories and an observatory in prospect. The students at present, number about one hundred and fifty. There is one fault to be found at this institution, in common with others of a similar character, viz: an undue reservedness and haughtiness of demeanor on the part of the professors toward the students. When will this cease, and our public professors and teachers become, in reality, the fathers and friends of their pupils? In so doing, they would avoid nine tenths of the usual amount of trouble and vexation in the discharge of their duties, and do something towards educating the HEARTS of those under their care. But I have digressed, and must hasten back to the view before me. Passing over the villages of North, South, and East Amherst and Hatfield, I will speak briefly, of Northampton. This town is the shire town of Hampshire county, and a place of considerable trade. It was also very early settled, by men of sterling worth in the colony: it has been, and still is the residence of some of the first men in our country, and we venture to assert that there is not a pleasanter and more moral town of its size in the United States. But why have I dwelt upon the towns and villages as though the lofty hills, the rich fields and the classic river were of no account, in this delightful landscape. Imagine yourself to be standing here with me, for a moment; now cast your eye down and you see vast tracts of intervalle land spread out before you, crossed with fine roads, yet unbroken by fences or hedges, bearing crops of oats, rye, wheat, Indian corn, broom-corn, and vegetables and grass of all kinds. These cultivated side by side, with their different colors, give to the beholder as he stands on this lofty eminence, the appearance of a vast carpet, regularly interwoven; through the middle of this beautiful tract, meanders the placid Connecticut, crooking and winding about in its course, appearing like a vast stream of liquid silver,—and now at this hour mirroring on its bosom the rich hues of the setting sun, as they are displayed upon the clouds.—O, again must I exclaim,—this world is truly beautiful. But I can waken no new ideas, on this subject in the breast of one, like you, who worship God in the minutest fibre of his creation. It is now becoming dark and I must close, without saying half of the many things I intended to say; perhaps, at some future time, I will speak of what I saw upon the OTHER side of Mt. Holyoke, which I will endeavor to do, in a more sensible manner.

C. A. G.

PITTSBURG, AUG. 29, 1846.

MR. BENNETT:—In my last communication to the Casket, I gave you a brief sketch of my trip from Wheeling to Pittsburgh, and likewise my arrival and location at the Temperance Hotel. I am pleased with the Pittsburghers in general. They are a firm, honest, industrious, resolute people, and, taking in consideration the loss they have sustained during the great conflagration, I think their zeal deserves great praise. The people as a body, are inflammatory—perhaps more so than most of cities—on subjects of a moral nature; the churches are filled regularly at the proper hours for worship, as well as the work-shops during the week. Business of all kinds may be considered dull at this season, but the people have, like all other cities, a resting time once or twice during the year.

They have places of resort of a very fashionable order among which is a most splendid saloon, not unequal in size and taste to the most fashionable saloons of the East; and creams, and confectionaries of the first kind are always on hand, and they tell me the gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. Andrews, is the very man to have them dished up in order, to suit even the most fastidious. Aside from his cream, he has put himself to

much expense to entertain his customers, which are of the first class. Several nights during the last week he has had the services of the Bakers; these sweet singers of the East—celebrated for their unrivalled style—their music being original—their own taste, certainly, cannot be excelled in pathos, time, or cultivation. I have listened to the Hutchinsons, Dempster, Rainers, and can say that where any of the above may please, the Bakers will be admired. "They are a band of five" from the old granite state, and I am, I must confess, partial to the Eastern States, and may be considered too much so to do justice to other states, in my praise of the vocalists of the East—but with a sample of the Bakers and Hutchinsons to present, I can, I think, stand my ground in asserting that all other states have failed in producing two families, or even one which are so universally received with pleasure, at home and abroad. I know the Bakers, and speak from knowledge—not from mere newspaper conjectures;—I know them to be moral, upright, honest and benevolent in every feature—and have been happy to learn, the ELITE of Pittsburgh, as well as Wheeling and other Western cities, have visited them, and in all cases have been well pleased—not with their music alone, but with their upright conduct. They leave this city, I am informed, in a few days, for the old granite mountain state, and may the best of success attend them on their journey, until they meet with that warm reception which I know awaits them, when they shall have returned to the scenes of their childhood. The Sable Harmonists have likewise been giving concerts, in negro character. There is an old adage that "variety is the spice of life." I admit, as a general rule, that it may operate thus; but in a moral sense, I take it that, when we encourage vice, though it may be for present gratification we err. We must believe, to be consistent with moral principle, that those men, who are respected as gentlemen, not for their worth, as such, but who have purchased a position in society by their fine clothing, their costly jewelry, or by using their influence to degrade the colored population of our country, place themselves, in the scale of social being, if possible, as much below the brute, as the brute is below the human species; yet these singers are 'cracked up' by some of our organs, as GENTLEMEN. If they are, they are gentlemen devoid of education, wit, manners, and common decency.

I hope that if they visit the Queen City, that they may receive the dues of all such humbugs: their imitation here in their profession is a mockery, and their music cannot be called passable; but I will leave them to be judged by all who may feel a deep interest for the welfare of mankind. I will return to the Iron City and give you a brief sketch of its prospects, as one of the principal manufacturing cities of the west. I have been through several permanently established manufactories, among which I had the pleasure of visiting one of the largest Marble Mantle and Burr Mill Stone manufactories in our country. It is owned and conducted by W. W. Wallace, one of the most business-like and philanthropic men in the state. I saw a specimen of a mantlepiece, which Mr. W. had taken from the rough stone, and I should fail to come up to a just description of its elegance of workmanship. I hope to see the time when our Queen City may boast of such an establishment. The mechanics in this, as in other cities, are thoroughgoing moral men, as a body, and thousands are employed rebuilding the ruins of the burnt part of the city. I have not the precise number which are employed in rebuilding the Monongahela House, but do not think that I would exaggerate to say two thousand. Hotels are very good stock in Pittsburgh. The St. Charles Exchange and Merchants' Hotel are the principal, and are all said to be conducted with enterprise; but I regret to have to complain of the lamentable fact, that, as large a place as Pittsburgh is, there is no public temperance house which I can recommend. The one known as the Temperance Hotel, is well calculated to deceive a man at first appearance; its parlors are fine, furniture new, but its table miserable. I feel it my duty to speak of all houses called Temperance Hotels which play, as I know in nine cases out of ten they do, a deception on their temperance friends. I have lived a temperance man, in theory and practice, the term of four years—have traveled three years of that time, and know of but four temperance hotels in the union—out of the eastern states—which are worthy of the title they claim; these are the Delevan House, at Albany, N. Y.,—Croton Hotel, New York city,—the American, Cleveland,—Bennett's Hotel, or Washington House, Buffalo, N. Y. Some may think it strange that I should write an article speaking thus, yet the cause of temperance cries aloud that such imposition should cease. I hold its advocates responsible for the injustice they do their friends, in recommending temperance houses, merely for title sake. I interrogated the landlord of a house, bearing

the title of a temperance hotel, in Pittsburgh, why he did not set a better table, as I saw it crowded day after day, and his bills were of that kind that would enable him to make a fine living and give wholesome, well prepared food. His answer was that stereotyped one; "If I sold liquor, I could do so." Shame on such a base imposition in such a glorious cause, surrounded as he is with temperance friends of all societies, and to make such a plea! I am satisfied his income, per week, clear of his expenses, is seventy-five dollars more than his outlays; and with twenty-five of that added to his table, in procuring fresh butter and fresh vegetables, he might give a good wholesome diet, and pay himself fifty or sixty dollars per week; yet he is not the only one, by many, I have met with in the last three years. If it was merely a boarding house, we could look over such, to a certain extent; but the temperance cause has been retrograding by such vampires being sustained through the ignorance of the honest body of temperance men, who are unacquainted with the fact. I hope that such hotel keepers, taking for their mottoes Temperance, and not carrying out its principles, as honest men, may meet with that censure due them.

Yours, G.

WOMAN'S WIT AND LOVE. FOUNDED ON FACT.

'Tis midnight! and save the heavy tread of the sentinel, as he paces his accustomed round, nature sleeps calmly and peacefully. The prisoner in yon gloomy cell is on the morrow to be led forth to die! and for what? Money to the amount of five hundred dollars has been found in his possession, and this money has been proven to be the property of a man who had lately mysteriously disappeared, and who was last seen in company with Louis Moran. These circumstances, joined to the facts that Moran's knife was found covered with blood, and that he was very much confused when he was asked how and where he had spent the evening of the 5th June, caused Moran to be suspected, arrested and committed to prison. He had steadfastly declared his innocence, and said he received the money which was found on him from a stranger, whom he called Lewis, and whom he minutely described. But to return to the point whence we started. As the prison clock strikes one, a fairy form flits past the sentinel, who cries out, "Who goes there?"

"It is I, Mary Moran!" was the ready response.

"Pass on, Mary Moran; the Sheriff gives you permission to see your husband," was the response of the sentinel, as he passed quickly on. The doors of the prison swung heavily open, and the next moment Mary Moran was pressed to the bosom of her husband.

"Louis, I will not forsake thee," said the weeping girl.

"And it is for ME you brave all these dangers? for me, the outcast, the abandoned—for him who to-morrow must die?" And Moran bent a look of deep devotion on the fair girl who stood at his side.

"You shall not, will not die, Louis, for I can and will save thee!" said the affectionate girl.

The prisoner shook his head despondingly. But after a short pause he resumed—

"Mary, this is no time for trifling; tell me, can you indeed save me? If you can, I swear by yon pale moon—by the welfare of my soul in an endless eternity—by the first year of our wedded love—by all that is near and dear to me, I swear to be a new man?"

"Listen to me, Louis," said his wife, in a clear calm tone, "listen to me! you recollect you said on your trial, that you received the money which was found in your possession, from a man called Lewis, whom you described as tall and slender, fair complexion, bright blue eyes, and dressed in an iron-gray frock coat, white pantaloons and blue silk neck-cloth: you are to dream that you will see this man, and I will do the rest."

The jailor tapped at the window and said, "You were to stay with your husband but an hour—it is passed—you must retire;" and she passed quickly out.

The gray dawn of the morning was just appearing, when the jailor walked softly in, touched Moran, and said, "Day has come; prepare to die!"

"Oh, I had such a sweet dream!" said Moran, seemingly awaking from a deep sleep.

"What was it?" asked the jailor. "I dreamed that as I was going to the gallows I saw this man, Lewis, who gave me the accursed money, and that I told you of it, and that you hung him in my place," replied Moran.

Meanwhile the procession was slowly moving to the gallows when the jailor, who had taken a deep interest in Moran's dream, slightly touched him.

"There is the person answering your description of Lewis," said he, pointing in the crowd.

"Yes, by Heaven! it is Lewis!" shouted Moran.

The stranger instantly fled, but was pursued and overtaken, and confessed the crime. Moran instantly received a reprieve from the Governor, and left the country. The stranger, after lying a week in prison, applied for a dismissal, alleging that she was the wife of Louis Moran. It was indeed she, who had dressed herself in such a manner as to conform to her husband's description of Lewis, and thus had saved her husband's life!

CITY OF MATAMOROS, ITS CATHEDRAL.

Cleverly in Matamoros, the first impression you receive is the desolate one created by the prison look of all the houses. They have a semi-Moorish appearance, and you cannot divest yourself of the idea that a city, thus built, must be inhabited by people of jealous dispositions, subject to civil war, and of unsocial habits. As you progress along, you see, peeping through grated windows, pairs of dark eyes that flash strangely with fear and curiosity, little children retreat before you with that gait peculiar to the young of timid animals, that flee from instinct, before they do it from reason. The double door opened at an angle to admit the air, gives glimpses, of deep brunettes, throwing remarkable luxuriant and dark tresses over their heads, previous to arranging them for the evening listlessness. Men sit sullen about in their fantastic dresses, half of them looking as if they had stolen out of a stock company of a theatre, while engaged in playing a "Brigand piece."—There is a flaunting, stiletto-you-in-the dark look about the whole of them. As you wander on you find the city remarkably well laid out; and, although giving evidence of having seen better days, still it is far from being destitute of attractive buildings. Once fairly in the PLAZZA HIDALGO, the principal square of the city, you can rest yourself under the shade of some stunted China trees, and then commence examining at your leisure.

You will at once be attracted by the unfinished Cathedral that is so managed that the houses on its wings appear to be part of the Cathedral itself, giving to the mass a very imposing appearance; it bounds one entire side of the piazza. The architect commenced with most excellent intentions, and but for a want of funds, would have made a splendid building.—Two fine but unfinished towers command the sides of the Cathedral, upon one of which are suspended a couple of bells. The large Gothic door in the centre would have exposed the interior with great effect, but alas, some misfortunes overwhelmed its progress, and left the bare walls to provoke the imagination into contemplating the reasons why a work so well begun was not completed.

In front, seated in the angles formed by the bases of the pillars, or upon the bases themselves, are fifty more miserable creatures, who seem in their poverty to have nothing in abundance but sunshine, and that they are determined to enjoy. Many are disgustingly disfigured by slow cankerous diseases, that appear to render their victims hideous, and yet will not kill. Some are slightly wounded soldiers who have crawled out of the hospitals for fresh air. Few well dressed persons linger in their vicinity, but pass decorously on and disappear in a narrow alley way on the right of the Cathedral, where we will enter. Having done so you will soon come to a small room, no doubt intended originally for the sacristy, but now used as a chapel. The walls are plain, there is no wealth about the altar to tempt sacrilegious hands. The adornments on the contrary are of little value, and of a kind in no way harmonious with the objects for which they were appropriated. The priest is at the altar in the act of celebrating mass, the worshipping congregation is impressive, and tempts the heart to join in the solemn service.

Before you, are kneeling some twenty Mexican women, many of them quite handsome, all calculated to excite curiosity. They kneel gracefully, and accidentally as possible expose a fine foot, tastefully set off with a fine slipper. There are but two Mexican men in the house, shame upon the sex, but there are men there beside, noble and free-hearted men, that form a curious sight, all the circumstances considered. Some twenty of the United States troops, in their uniforms, are on their knees at prayer, among the most devotional in the house. It was a sight to see those thus engaged who but a few days before were surrounded by the terrors of the battle field, busy, prominently busy, in the work of death. Such is one of the Cathedrals of Matamoros, and the principal building in the city.—N. O. TROPIC.

GUIDE TO BUYING A HORSE.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*, Mr. H. Cole, contrarily to old maxims, undertakes to judge the character of a horse by outward appearances, and offers the following suggestions, which form a synopsis of his whole article, as the result of his close observation and long experience:

If the color be light sorrel or chesnut sorrel, his feet, legs and face white, these are marks of kindness.

If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended on as a horse of good sense, and capable of being trained to anything.

As respects such horses, the more kindly you treat them the better you will be treated in return. Nor will a horse of this description stand the whip if well fed.

If you want a safe horse, avoid one that is dish-faced; he may be so far gentle as not to scare, but he will have too much go-ahead in him to be safe for every body.

If you want a fool, buy a horse of great bottom, get a deep bay with not a white hair about him; if his face is a little dishd, so much the worse. Let no man ride such a horse, who is not an adept in riding, they are always tricky and unsafe.

If you want a horse that will never give out, never buy a large overgrown one. A black horse cannot stand heat, nor a white one cold.

If you want a gentle horse, get one with more or less white about him—the more the better. A spotted one is preferable. Many suppose that the parti-colored horses belonging to circuses, shows, &c., are selected for their oddity. But the selection is made on account of great docility and gentleness.

"GOD BLESS YOU."

I've listened to the cold farewell,

The careless, short good bye,

When not a tear of sadness fell,

Or tributary sigh.

I've felt the pleasure of the hand

At parting 'gainst my own,

The severing of a happy band,

That long in love had grown;

But never did they wave the thought,

Thy sweet "God bless you" fondly brought.

It asketh for a mightier power

To guard the loved ones here,

When in the dreary tempest hour,

Thou art not nigh to cheer;

A firm reliance on his care,

Who rules above the sky,

A trustfulness that loves to share

The watching of his eye;

A hope that they who love thee well

May in his favor brightly dwell.

"God bless you"—in long after years

I'll hold it to my heart,

And check the quick and bitter tears,

That from their fountains start.

I'll merit with a soul-breathed prayer,

In trusting fervor given,

The great, almighty, watchful care,

Which though hast called from heaven;

And as I breathe it to the skies,

The sweet "God bless you" shall arise.

CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.

A writer in the *National Intelligencer* says, that spirit of hartshorn is a certain remedy for the bite of a mad dog. The wounds, he adds, should be constantly bathed with it, and three or four doses, diluted, taken inwardly during the day.—The hartshorn decomposes chemically the virus insinuated into the wound, and immediately alters and destroys its deleteriousness. The writer who resided in Brazil for some time, first tried it for the bite of a scorpion, and found that it removed pain and inflammation almost instantly. Subsequently, he tried it for the bite of the rattlesnake with similar success.—At the suggestion of the writer an old friend and physician tried it in cases of hydrophobia, and always with success.

Dull authors will measure our judgment not by our abilities, but by their own conceit. To admire their rapidity, is to have superior taste; to despise it, is to have none.

The three great apostles of practical atheism, that make converts without persecuting, and retain them without preaching, are wealth, health, and power.

News Items.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

Through the politeness of an eminent commercial house, says the New Orleans Commercial Times of the 24th ult., we have just been placed in possession of the following most important intelligence from Mexico.

The news was received by a British man-of-war, that touched at the Balize, with despatches from the British Minister at Mexico for his government. The purport of these despatches is that the United States HAVE TAKEN POSSESSION OF THE CALIFORNIA, AND THAT THE REVOLUTION IN FAVOR OF SANTA ANNA IS COMPLETE.

We publish the following letters, from which it will be perceived that the steamer Arab, with Santa Anna on board, was in sight of Vera Cruz on the 13th inst.

VERA CRUZ, Aug. 16, 1846.

Availing ourselves of the opportunity by a British Man-of-War, we have just time to state that Mexico and Puebla have just pronounced for Federalism and Santa Anna.

Gen. Bravo's government had hardly been established when it was overthrown, and Gen. Sales has put himself at the head of the movement, until the arrival of Santa Anna. Tranquility was soon restored. Gomez Farias aided the partisans of Santa Anna to bring about the revolution. His sons have come down here to give welcome to Santa Anna, who left Havana on the 4th in a British steamer called the Arab, accompanied by Almonte, Tamariz, Rejon, and Beenes, and Elim ought to be here every day. Gen. Paredes was taken prisoner and is kept in the citadel of Mexico. General Sales has issued already a letter of convocation of Congress on the principles of 1824; and the members are to assemble at Mexico on the 6th December next.

The present conveyance carries the news of the Annexation of California to the United States.

Received last night by express at the British consulate:

VERA CRUZ, Aug. 16, 1846.

Advices have been received by express, of the formal ANNEXATION OF CALIFORNIA TO THE UNITED STATES. And this vessel of war takes the British Minister's despatches to New Orleans and to England. The whole country has declared in favor of Santa Anna, who left Havana for this city on the steamer Arab, but had not arrived, which makes his friends rather anxious for his safety.

P. S. The Arab just in sight.

A New Orleans Extra of August 24th, in a postscript, says, that the British brig of war "Daring," arrived off the Balize last evening, from Vera Cruz, and two of her officers came up to the town this morning, with a mail and despatches. The steamer Arab arrived off Vera Cruz, on the 16th August, with Santa Anna on board. He immediately placed himself at the head of the movement in that department. The departments of Puebla and Mexico have declared for Santa Anna, and Paredes has already been taken prisoner. The revolt at the capitol was headed by Gen. Sales.

Before Santa Anna left Havana he took letters from Gen. Campbell to Commodore Connor, and avowed himself, in reply to some inquiries as to his intentions, as follows: "If the people of my country are for war, I am with them; but I would prefer peace."

News has been received in Mexico, that Monterey, in California, has been seized by one of the vessels of the Pacific squadron. Another account says that all California has yielded to the Americans.

LATER FROM THE ARMY.

The steamship McKim arrived from Brazos Santiago at an early hour on Sunday morning, bringing dates from Point Isabel of the 17th and from Camargo, the present headquarters of the army, of the 13th of August. The news by this arrival from Matamoras, is not of general moment. Col. Clark has succeeded in re-establishing order in the city, by putting into execution the orders dictated for that purpose by Gen. Taylor.

Capt. F. L. Ball, of the Kentucky volunteers, is supposed to have been murdered by the Mexicans, on the road between Burita and Matamoras. The town of China, on the Rio San Juan, 65 or 70 miles from Camargo, was taken on the 5th inst., by Captain McCulloch, of the Texas Rangers, without opposition. Col. Seguin with 100 Mexicans, were in the town, but on the approach of the Americans they retreated. Another Mexican depot has been found at Matamoras, and a quantity of stores and ammunitions.

The regiment of Rangers, under Col. Jack Hays and Lieut. Col. Walker, left Matamoras about the 16th instant, on an incursion into the interior.

The second regiment of Dragoons, which is composed now of only four companies with about 375 men, has abandoned its encampment between Point Isabel and Fort Brown, and was at Matamoras at last accounts.

Major General Butler is represented to be quite ill at Point Isabel.

Those of the Maryland and Kentucky companies, whose lot it was to go on foot, are also on the road up.

The prohibitory orders against the further introduction of spirituous liquors are operating beneficially.

SPIES AND TRAITORS.—There seems to be quite a nest of these amongst the population of Matamoras, who keep the enemy advised of all that is passing there.

An example should be made, so as to undeceive the Mexicans, as regards our easiness of character.

About two hundred recruits, for the regular service, arrived on the 12th from New York, via Point Isabel.

It was rumored on the 13th, that McCulloch's Ranging Company has been surprised, defeated and made prisoners, by a body of Mexican Rancheros, under Carvajal. Little or no credit was given to this.

THE ATTACK ON ALVARADO.

A letter in the New York Herald, from one of the officers in the squadron off Vera Cruz, says:

The manner of attack on Alvarado by Com. Conner has created a very general dissatisfaction among the fleet. The Somers and Falmouth were first sent down to select and mark possessions; and the next day the whole fleet followed, accompanied by the English squadron who were desirous of seeing the fight. On the Eastward of the entrance an old fort of six guns, and on the Western some three hundred citizens and soldiers, were all the opposition to a landing. Nothing seemed to be easier than the capture of the place. The Vera Cruz papers had given it up, and the enemy themselves stated that they were destitute of all defence; but our squadron fired a few shots and the next morning sailed away, like

"The King of France, with twenty thousand men;

Marched up a hill, and then—marched down again."

This most lame and impotent conclusion spread dissatisfaction throughout the officers and men of the squadron. On board the flag ship there was almost a mutiny; the men when tacking ship cried out at the appearance of the Commodore, "To Alvarado." Of course the Commodore is very unpopular with all, and the army officers make bitter complaints also against his conduct.

IMPORTANT ARREST.—Geo. C. King, late of the firm of Holt & Co. flour merchants of this city, has been arrested by officers Smith and Austin of our Police. He was arrested in Ohio, but procured his liberation from custody on a writ of habeas corpus. He has however since been arrested, as we are formed, in Buffalo, where he is held to await a bench warrant from this city. King, it will be remembered, was alleged to have absconded some weeks since with a large amount of funds belonging to Holt & Co. say some \$15,000 or \$20,000.

New York Tribune, Aug. 29.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY IN POUGHKEEPSIE.—The store of Adam Anderson of Poughkeepsie was broken open on Thursday night, and robbed of between \$2,000 and \$3,000 worth of Watches, Jewellery, &c. The Trustees of the Town offer a reward of \$600 for the recovery of the property and the conviction of the robbers.—[N. Y. Tribune.

NEW YORK CONVENTION.—This body have decided in favor of creating a Court of Appeals, to consist of eight judges, four elected by the people, and four selected from the bench of supreme judges. The vote upon the question stood yeas 63—nays 42.—[Baltimore Clipper.

EXPLOSION OF FIRE DAMP.—A dreadful explosion of fire damp took place in the Lewis vein near Pottsville on the 27th ultimo. One man, named John Tiley, was killed, and several others rendered insensible for a long time.—[Pitts. Chron.

THE MOB CITY.—There was another riot in Philadelphia on Sunday. A party of "bouncers" attacked a man and beat him almost to death.

THE GOVERNOR of Massachusetts has appointed the 20th of November as a day of Thanksgiving.

Springs.

A painter was employed in painting a West India ship in the river, suspended on a stage under the ship's stern. The captain who had just got into a boat along side, for the purpose of going ashore, ordered the boy to let go the painter, that is the rope which makes fast the boat. The boy, who had never been to sea, and was ignorant of the term, ran instantly aft and let go the ropes by which the painter's stage was held. The captain surprised at the boy's delay, cried out, "You lazy dog, why don't you let go the painter?" The boy replied, "He's gone, sir, pots and all."

A correspondent wishes us to write a story which, we are very sure, is a libel upon the girls of Hoosier land. He says he was at a ball in that region a while ago, but made no acquaintances till after supper. When supper was over, he was surprised to notice that many came back to the dancing room with all sorts of eatables. Feeling disposed to take a share in the frolic, he stepped up to a bouncing lass, and asked her if she would honor him with her hand in a dance!

"In course I shall," said she, calling to her sister—"here Sal, just hold my 'tater while I take a trot with this ere hoss."

A gentleman walking near Oxford, was met by some students of the University, one of whom addressed him with—"Good morning, father Abraham."

"I am not father Abraham," said he,

"Good morning, father Isaac," said a second.

"I am not father Isaac."

"Good morning, father Jacob," said a third.

"I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, but Saul, son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo! I have found them."

"This here feller," said a witness in court, the other day, "broke our winder with a tater, and hit Isabeller on the elber, as she was playing on the pianer."

The magistrate said: "The conduct of the prisnah, and his general charactah, rendah it propah that he should no longah be a membah of societah."

"Say, Uncle Ben, what sort o' animals are them 'ere punkins that are all over black, a'most blue and a little reddish?" "Them, Jonathan, are called egg plants—vegetable eggs." "Eggs! Well, I swan, I should like to see one on'em hatched, to see what sort o' critters vegetables am."

THE CASKET.

THIS paper will be issued every Wednesday, and will comprise two volumes per year, of over 200 pages each, with an index accompanying each volume—making it a desirable work for binding.

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